Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Coſtard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you ſir, How much carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marrie ſir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then three farthings worth of Silke.

Caſt. I thanke your worſhip, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt imploy thee;
As thou wilt my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Clow. I ſhall know ſir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou muſt know firſt.

Clo. I will come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after-noone:
Harke ſlaue, it is but this;
The Princes comes to hunt heere in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her whyte hand ſee thou doe commend
This ſeal'd-vp counſaile, There's thy guerdon: goe.

Clow. Gardon, O ſweet gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweet gardon. I will doe it ſir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Ber. O, and I forſooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humorous ſigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Conſtable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe Don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed ſoueraigne of ſighes and groanes:

Liedge

Liedge of all loyterers and male
Dread Prince of Placcats, King
Sole Emperator and great gener
Of trotting Parritors (O my litt
And I to be a Corporall of his f
And weare his Colours like a T
What? I loue, I ſue, I ſeeke a w
A woman that is like a Germain
Still a repairing: euer out of fra
And neuer going a right, being
But being watcht, that it may ſt
Nay, to be periurde, which is w
And among three, to loue the w
A whitly wanton, with a veluet
With two pitch balls ſtucke in h
I, and by heauen one that will
Though *Argus* were her Eunu
And I to ſigh for her, to watch
To pray for her, go to: it is a pl
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my
Of his almighty dreadfull little
Well, I will loue, write, ſigh, pr
Some men muſt loue my Lady,

Actus Q

Enter the Princeſſe, a F

Qu. Was that the King tha
Againſt the ſteepe vpriſing of
Boy. I know not, but I thin
Qu. Who ere a was, a ſhew
Well Lords to day we ſhall ha
On Saturday we will returne t
Then *Forreſter* my friend, Wh
That we muſt ſtand and play th

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO